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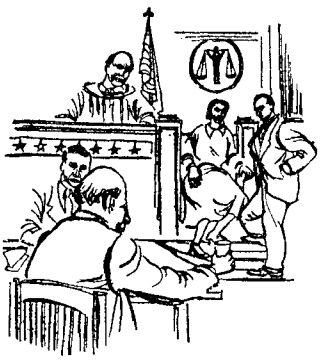
AN ENDURING FRIENDSHIP
A Short Story by Sean O'Faolain

THE

Commonweal

THE ROSENBERGS: ROOTS OF TREASON

John McKeon



EISENHOWER AND THE FUTURE

Christopher Carr

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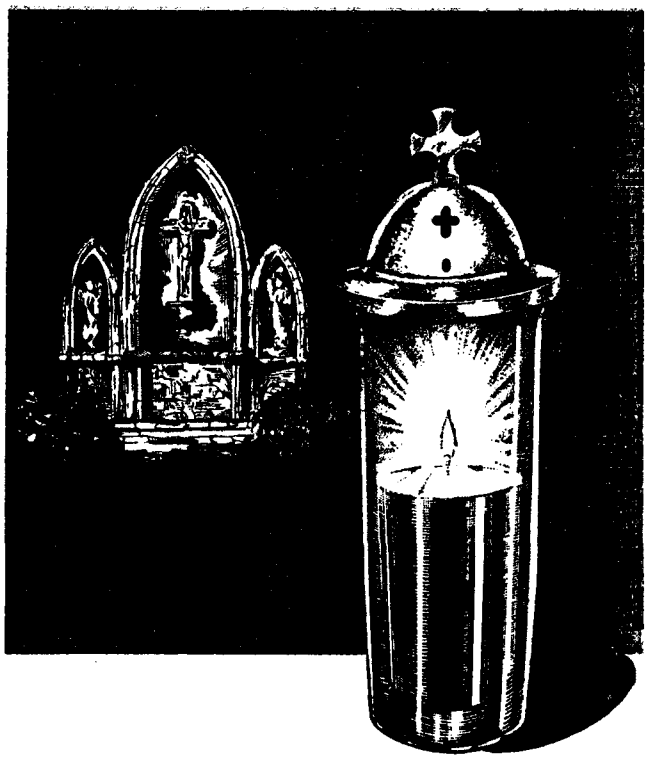

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THE Commonweal

week by week

STATE OF THE NATION

THERE is distinction between what confronts the new Administration in domestic and foreign matters. Inequities and social evils here at home are still plentiful enough, Heaven knows. But problems like taxes, inflation, public health, education, and even crime, do not seem insuperable. Other issues such as the rights and duties of unions, farm policy and civil rights legislation involve the additional obstacle of being highly controversial. In general, however, if all is not right here in the United States, most things are fairly well in hand in comparison with the situation overseas, in the lands on which American security is so dependent.

Our principal allies are found in Western Europe. Each is in a serious state today. Britain has long suffered from a failing economy which periodically threatens its meager gold reserve; defense of imperial commitments in Africa, Malaya and the Middle East continues to aggravate matters. The Indo-China war and colonial unrest in North Africa make France's position even more precarious; the fall of the Pinay government is an ominous symptom of chronic political debility. And these difficulties are reaching an acute stage at the very moment that extensive direct American aid of the Marshall plan variety is coming to an end.

All this is reflected in the decision of the NATO ministers, meeting in Paris, to cut in two the sums previously allotted for European defense installations in 1953. It also helps to explain the growing doubts in France that the objectives of the continental economic union contemplated by the Schuman Plan or of an effective European defense force will ever actually come to be.

To cap it all, fears are growing about the resurgence of Western Germany. Recovery there has been much more rapid than in any other European country. German goods already dominate the markets of the Continent. With few apparent regrets for past aggressions and other crimes, Germany today is advancing toward the hour when she will feel strong enough to jeopardize the uneasy peace of Europe by seeking to regain her lost territories to the East. In other words, despite undoubted progress in Europe in the past twelve months, the free world's chief bastion against the expansive designs of the Soviet Union is beset by many weaknesses.

IN other strategic areas the situation would appear to be even more precarious. This is strikingly true of the Middle East where feeling against the West, fanned by Communist agitation and by local rulers who seek to divert to foreign "devils" resentment against the riches and corruption of the ruling classes. The same intense feeling is aroused throughout Africa, where the native peoples have been kept in a highly primitive state by the European colonial powers.

All evidence points to the continuance of the Korean War as long as it suits the global strategy of the Kremlin. The same goes for Indo-China, where there is the additional hazard that direct invasion from the North may one day sweep all Southeast Asia before it. Among potential allies in Asia, only Japan would appear to have defense possibilities and even there revulsion against the aggressiveness of the past makes the building up of an adequate national defense force intensely difficult.

Behind much of the material and political weakness of the West lies a lamentable absence of morale. Industrial civilization has succeeded in robbing men of their individuality, their sense of brotherly solidarity, their recognition of the duly personal nature of the institutions of human society. Such was the burden of Pius XII's Christmas allocution, which depicted the plight of the needy in this world as increasingly desperate despite "the lapse of many years since the world conflict."

Thus the men who will be taking up responsible posts in Washington this month have anything but an easy task. They will find their new duties even more puzzling than is normally the case when critics of a party in power find themselves in administra-

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tive seats. So much of their success or failure depends on what transpires in other lands. And yet the outcome of the cold war may well be reached during the next four years of Republican governance in Washington.

The party in office, therefore, faces staggering responsibilities. It will not be able to get by for long simply on mere changes of personnel, economies here and there, and a more businesslike form of procedure. The new Administration is called upon for vision and statesmanship of a superlative order. Hardly less will be the demands on the political opposition, for the United States is confronted with a situation that demands the clearest thinking and best efforts of all citizens in both public and private life.

REGARDING THE ROSENBERGS

JULIUS and Ethel Rosenberg have been sentenced to die in the electric chair some time during the week of January 12, on a charge of treason. The Rosenbergs were lawfully tried and, at least as far as the letter of the law goes, lawfully sentenced to pay the supreme penalty. Whether they would have received as drastic a sentence had they been tried, say, in 1946 rather than during the cold war, is doubtful.

Whenever the state takes a life, so final is the step, there must be a certain hesitation in putting the stamp of approval upon the decision. In the case of a political crime, our tradition of political liberty makes one doubly hesitant. It is foreign to our temper as a people and to the spirit of our history to stand in the streets calling for blood. This hesitancy the Communists have shrewdly exploited in the Rosenberg case; perhaps if they had not exploited it so shamefully there would be a greater sentiment toward commuting the Rosenberg sentence to life-imprisonment.

The Rosenbergs must have known that if they were willing to inform against the spy ring of which they were a part they could have achieved clemency. Others who confessed to the same crimes and then cooperated with the authorities are today not only free but highly respected members of American society. But apparently the Rosenbergs are willing to give their lives for the Communist idea and the perverted ideal they lived by. Christians, who live by another idea, must from time to time wonder if they would be willing to do the same, presuming the situation were reversed.

The Rosenberg case focuses attention once again on the fact that Communism is a profound spiritual and psychological evil as well as a conspiratorial and military force. It is indeed hard—and the Christian who lives by his idea must admit it—to withhold admiration from these two people, if only for their persistent loyalty to the cause which captured them. ". . . he that loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." The Rosenbergs are the parents of two young children. Again, as more than one Christian thinker has pointed out, Communism has proven to be a vicious caricature of Christianity. The Rosenbergs, who were willing to betray their people, their country and humanity itself, stand ready now to leave their own children orphans.

And the Communist leaders? The same cynicism, the same brutal disregard for the Rosenbergs as human beings which they have shown all over the world. At the Sing Sing demonstration the Communist leaders could find no words scurrilous enough for President Truman, the one man who can stay the Rosenbergs' execution. They have maneuvered the President into the position where if he did grant a stay it would be widely interpreted as succumbing to Communist pressure in this country and the pressure of Soviet propaganda abroad —which is precisely what the United States cannot afford at this time.

Alive, the Rosenbergs represent a constant threat to the Communist conspiracy. From hour to hour who can be sure when one or the other of them will not break down and talk? Dead, their secrets die with them. As the Party has used their suffering for propaganda purposes while they lived, so will it use their "martyrdom" after they are dead.

NEXT WEEK

WILL HERBERG writes about the meaning of the Prague "Zionist" trials.

"There exists a certain fear of Zionism among the Communist masters of Eastern Europe. To the beaten, crushed and miserably oppressed Jewish masses of Rumania, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Russia Zionism comes as a revivifying gospel of hope, and the State of Israel beckons with the promise of refuge. . . . The Soviet masters had a startling demonstration of this fact when in 1949 Golda Myerson came as first Israeli ambassador to Moscow; the Jews of Moscow gave her an overwhelming, spontaneous and unmistakably pro-Zionist ovation. There can be no doubt about it: this kind of primitive and unideological Zionism has become a real force among the Jews under the Soviet yoke and therefore an intolerable challenge to Communist totalitarianism."

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NEW BASIS FOR IMMIGRATION

THE national quota system has long stood as villain to citizens who favored an immigration policy commensurate with the natural resources, living space and productive wealth of these United States. The fact that so much of the quotas of the most-favored nations went unused year after year has kept the total aliens setting out for our shores well below the numbers specified in extant legislation. The latest act, which has just come into force, suffers from a similar defect, among others.

Abolition of national quotas altogether is one of the leading recommendations of the report of the President's distinguished Commission on Immigration and Naturalization, released January 1. One result of such a change would be to admit the full annual total of one-sixth of one per cent of the national population as now provided for. Another would be to supply a degree of flexibility sorely needed both by this nation and by would-be immigrants in critical days such as these.

Under its "unified quota system" this authoritative Commission would have the quarter million yearly admissions here—irrespective of race, creed, or color—distributed among five groups: those seeking asylum from political tyranny; those seeking to be reunited with their families here; those with specific talents or skills especially needed now in the United States; immigrants from countries in urgent need of exporting "surplus population"; and those who desire to migrate here for none of the above-mentioned reasons.

This is but one of the conclusions of a three hundred page report resulting from months of hearings in eleven American cities. This document is motivated by public-spirited convictions regarding our national responsibilities. The changes advocated would mean a chance for life and liberty for migrants from many lands.

AMENDING TAFT-HARTLEY

THE appointment some weeks ago of Martin Durkin of the AFL as the new Secretary of Labor evidently came as a welcome surprise to the leaders of organized labor, and it was hailed by the AFL, CIO and independent unions. Despite Senator Taft's blast at the Eisenhower appointment, present indications are that he will not fight Durkin's appointment. And judging by the statements on Taft-Hartley that have issued in the past few weeks, it appears likely that early action on amending, rather than repealing, the law is in the making.

Most of the controversy over amendment vs. repeal was purely a semantic battle. Certain provisions of Taft-Hartley were so bitterly resented by labor that there is no doubt that the name itself has become something of a handicap. And businessmen were so aroused by labor's characterization of the bill as a "slave labor law" that retaining Taft-Hartley intact became for them an important goal in itself, completely apart from the merits or lack of them in various sections of the law.

Actually, aside from the undeniably beneficial psychological effect of starting off with a clean slate, it should be possible to work out satisfactory amendments. Taft-Hartley was built on the base of then existing labor law; in like manner, any provision of Taft-Hartley could be dropped or altered so the net effect would be little different from that of a new bill.

Under a Republican administration, business should have no fear that it will be discriminated against, and it can afford to be somewhat generous. As far as labor is concerned, this unexpected opportunity should be looked on as a real challenge. The new heads of the AFL and CIO would be wise to seize this chance to demonstrate that labor's opposition to Taft-Hartley was due to its inequitable provisions, not to any desire to resist legislation aimed at the common good.

After certain obviously unfair or unworkable provisions have been dealt with, the unions should give some attention to the question of proper procedure in strikes which genuinely threaten the national welfare. And it would be very wise for the labor leaders themselves to raise problems unsolved by the original bill—questions like possible measures to guard against the violation of civil rights inside unions, perhaps by the establishment of the right of appeal to independent boards; examination of the size of some initiation fees and the existence of closed unions; elimination of racial restrictions and second-class locals; and, very importantly, better ways of protecting decent unions from invasion by racketeering elements.

Labor's original campaign against the Taft-Hartley law was waged with considerable vigor and more than a dash of overstatement. From all appearances, it convinced very few outside of labor's ranks and not everyone inside. The present opportunity comes as something of a reprieve, and this is the time for labor to demonstrate its ability to think in larger terms than its own immediate and day-to-day interest. If both sides rise to the occasion by laying aside past bitterness, thorough amendment of the Taft-Hartley law could lead to vastly improved labor-management relations.

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HUCKSTERS AND STATESMEN

SOON the big parade will come, and Dwight Eisenhower will follow a circus elephant, sheriffs' posses, and assorted drum and bugle corps down Pennsylvania Avenue to the terrible chair behind the desk in the White House.

The Inauguration Parade, which at first was supposed to be modest, has developed, under the urgings of various Republican groups, into a planned extravaganza to delight the most parade-hardened District of Columbia citizen. It grew in a way not unlike the way the Eisenhower campaign grew. That too seems to have been something which started modestly and then began to string the streamers and man the trumpets as the pressure grew and the sects of Republicanism were called to unity.

And now, of course, the much-discussed question is to which of the diverse GOP elements Ike will be faithful. Which does he really represent?

If Eisenhower is to be a "business President," it is well to note just what part of American business he really represents.

His list of appointments is weighted heavily with executives from big corporations. But the tone of the original campaign, and to a large extent the tone of the Commodore Hotel government-in-exile, has been set by a type of businessman new to the United States—a type that was almost unknown at the time of the last "business" administration. It was the fast-talking, highly skilled, professional communications and public-relations firms who threw themselves into the crusade last summer. And even now they continue to carry the most prominent banners.

And they are the people who surely represent the most conscious and literate of American businessmen. At their worst they can be hucksters (with psychology degrees). At their best they are devoted to efficient management, international cooperation and principles of conservatism that are as respectable and potentially fruitful as any in the American community. Now, with a large measure of responsibility on these men, we wait to see if they can be as selfless as they were persuasive.

THE UN—SEVEN YEARS LATER

IN a farewell address, Ambassador Warren R. Austin, retiring permanent United States representative to the United Nations, reminded some of that organization's critics that the UN picture is not quite as black as it is often painted.

Ambassador Austin cited significant UN successes—the removing of controversies in Palestine, Indonesia and Kashmir from the battlefield to the conference table; and he called attention to the day-by-day work of the United Nations which rarely gains headlines—people from Haiti to Thailand shown how to suppress malaria, great numbers of underprivileged taught to read and write, improved agricultural methods and technological advances passed on to neglected corners of the earth.

In purely human terms all these accomplishments—and they are only a few in the full list—are extremely worthwhile and present solid hope for the future. Ambassador Austin regards the UN's intervention in Korea as "right in 1950 and right today." He is proud of the fact that the sad history of Manchuria, Ethiopia and Munich was not repeated when the most recent challenge came to the nations united.

Criticism of the United Nations has often been bitter indeed, and not always just. It is true, as Ambassador Austin implied, that things have not actually turned out the way they seemed predestined to go in the sanguine days of the San Francisco organizing conference. But this is not because of illusions about the UN itself; rather it can be traced to illusions about the Soviet Union. The UN did not create the Soviet Union with its program of aggression, any more than the teaching of religion created the world's sins.

G. K. Chesterton once said that Christianity had not failed if only because it had never been tried. When it was tried it was successful. Certainly with no Church there would be more not less sin in the world. The UN is a wholly human, eminently perfectible society as it now exists of course, but the analogy is not completely without point. The UN idea has failed only when it has been betrayed, when the nations have failed to live according to it.

A union of flawless nations would undoubtedly have produced a more admirable UN, but such a union would represent some ideal world, not the actual world we live in. When the delegates gathered together at San Francisco in 1945 it was with the hope that they could preserve our very real, very imperfect world that they attempted to unite the nations. Even *with* the UN, mankind has only a fighting chance to avoid disaster; without its minimal recognition of our common need for peace, the world situation might be hopeless.

"Don't you ever get tired of listening to all that talk?" someone asked Mr. Austin one day during a particularly dismal harangue. "I do," the Ambassador answered, "but it is better that aging diplomats be bored than that young men should die."

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Roots of Treason

"IF HISTORY HAD A SENSE OF FITNESS, THE WORDS OF IDENTIFICATION COURIER HARRY GOLD SPOKE WOULD HAVE BEEN 'THE KIDS AT FIFTH AND SHUNK SENT ME'"

JOHN McKEON

THREE weeks before the execution date of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in Sing Sing, on charges of conspiracy to commit espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union, a group of writers was discussing the case in a little bar off Bleecker Street that serves as unofficial headquarters of a Has Been, Never Was and May Be artistic set in New York.

"What I can't understand," one of the writers was saying to his friends, "is the variation in sentences. Ruth Greenglass nothing; David Greenglass fifteen years; Harry Gold thirty years; the Rosenbergs, death. And that's not taking into consideration the Judy Coplon confusion or Alger Hiss or Steve Nelson or any of the others who were scooped up."

One of the other writers in the group, rapping on the table with his empty beer glass in the hope of materializing a non-apparent waiter, murmured something about a "hardening of political sentiment" that brought a snort from the one who had just spoken.

"If you had said political cover-up I'd be more prone to believe you. Who cleared Klaus Fuchs for 'sensitive' work when he was on record as a card-carrying Communist? Or David Greenglass for work in Los Alamos? Or Julius Rosenberg as a civilian inspector in the Signal Corps? Or Martin Sobell and Max Elitcher? Let's face it: atomic espionage was forced into the public eye by defections from the other side —Gouzenko, Chambers and Bentley. Without them the Administration liberals would still be yelling red herring and how there are no easy answers to situations which they themselves helped create. No, the true villains of the piece are the liberals.

"The Rosenbergs are only a burnt offering. The difficulty is that nine-tenths of the professional liberals in this country suffer from a collective Korsakov's syndrome where the Soviets are concerned. Every time a new spy disclosure comes they twitch in concert. How else explain the beating that Chambers and Bentley had to take before they were listened to? If the Rosenbergs were guilty in act, the liberals were guilty in principle. If only they had admitted gullibility about the Soviets. That's the part I can't forgive—that they are still protesting innocence . . ."

Throughout the United States the psychological bomb burst of the atom spy arrests which followed the defection of Igor Gouzenko, a twenty-six-year-old cipher clerk in the Soviet embassy in Canada, on June 25, 1945, still reverberates in our liberal circles. The total effect on the traditional role of the liberal in politics, that of the nation's political conscience, is still impossible to assay. More than any one factor, it forced the uneasy re-alignment of political power which was so evident in the Presidential campaign. Not only did the majority of the American electorate repudiate "liberalism" but the "liberals" themselves fragmented. In expiation for past sins, both actual and suspected, they were reduced to a politically incoherent group. Guilty or not, the majority of Americans have identified the Democratic Party with the "liberals," and identified the "liberals" as the villains of the piece, who, through gullibility regarding ultimate Soviet aims, naivete and political ineptness, were responsible for every diplomatic reverse the American people have suffered in the cold war, from Yalta through the fall of Nationalist China to the Korean War. This attitude conveniently absolved the majority of the American electorate, who, by their support at the polls in the last twenty years, actually share a part of the widely-heralded Democratic mistakes.

That the majority of liberals are now sitting in the political catbird seat and are destroyed as a coherent political force for an undetermined length of time is traceable not so much to their sins of political naivete regarding the Soviet, in the palmy thirties and early forties, as to the fact that after being surprised in the camp of the enemy during a rout, they attempted to plead preferred status in the guise of innocent and important visitors. The situation is somewhat like that of the northern Congressmen who, in a kind of premature anticipation of the wave of the Union future, were caught flatfooted on the battlefield at Bull Run by the victorious Confederacy.

As the cold war heated up, following the spy disclosures, liberal vied with liberal for the honor of

Mr. McKeon until recently served as an editor of the Santa Fe Register. He is now living in New York, doing free-lance writing.

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accusing one another for past sins, and the relative degree of guilt became the test of innocence. Was he a premature anti-fascist? Did he favor Loyalist support in Spain? If so, did he do it as an FDR New Dealer, or as a member of the League Against War and Fascism? The point becomes increasingly important. (It absolved Walter Winchell and established his moral ascendency over fellow newspaperman James Wechsler, whom Winchell has clobbered unmercifully in a running newspaper feud during the past few months. Not, it must be noted, without first being provoked to it by Wechsler, who has learned to his sorrow that a boy should never be sent to do a man's job and that a man who shows charity by silence regarding another's sins may be saved a parading of his own.)

Did the liberal favor a second front? Did he consider the Chinese Communists "agrarian reformers" in the thirties? Was he consistently anti-Chiang Kai-shek? What was his position during the Mihailovich trial in Yugoslavia? Did he publicly accept the findings of the Soviet inquiry into the Katyn Forest Massacre of Polish officers during World War II? Was he way out in front demanding unlimited aid to the Soviets during World War II? And, most significant of all, was he troubled by scruples following Hiroshima, to the point where he either wanted to outlaw The Bomb or "internationalize" its control?

These and similar questions, following the spy disclosures, became the new index of political orthodoxy or heresy. Since ninety per cent of the American people, apart from the Catholic portion of the population, had given at least silent consent to one or more of them, the conditions for a heresy hunt are now present.

THE people who stand accused, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, were, before their apprehension and apart from their political convictions (if a man can be judged apart from his political convictions today), extremely innocuous social types. Born on the lower East Side and the product of a City College education, Julius married neighbor Ethel Greenglass after a four-year courtship, had two children, was moderately secure in an economic sense and lived quietly in the Knickerbocker Village housing project in Manhattan. Involvement with another project named Manhattan led to his eventual downfall. Ethel, his wife, was a socially ineffectual woman who compensated for her defects by being interested in the arts. Despite her involvement at the center of a conspiracy with enormous political and social significance, she never strayed far from her basic role as the homey, intelligent, lower-middle-class housewife. When the need of an identification mark for courier Harry Gold arose, it was she who thought to tear a Jello box in half.

For fifteen years prior to their arrest the Rosenbergs had been members of the Communist Party, but despite this fact Julius Rosenberg had no difficulty working during World War II as a civilian inspector of Army Signal Corps equipment. In 1942 he became a key member in one of the groups hastily recruited from within the American Communist Party and assigned the task of ferreting out Manhattan Project secrets. Working in close conjunction with him was his brother-in-law, David Greenglass, whom he had recruited for the Party.

In 1944, Greenglass was assigned by the War Department as a Technician Fifth Grade to work as shop assistant to Dr. George Kisakowsky, a thermodynamics expert at Los Alamos, and this despite the fact that knowledge of his membership in the Young Communist League was common property in the neighborhood where he grew up. For the next eighteen months David Greenglass had access to A-bomb secrets, which he passed along to Harry Gold, a chemist by trade and courier for the ring, who passed them along to a succession of NKVD agents attached to the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Gold, whose matriculation at Xavier University in Cincinnati had been made possible in 1940 by Party funds, had been a secret Communist since 1935 and an espionage agent all that time.

When news of the ring was broken to the public the first reaction was Why? How come they got that way? If the chain reaction of the atom spy arrests had its end effect in the mass re-examination of political conscience on the part of liberals who were sympathetic to the Soviet Union in the thirties and early forties, it had its first cause firmly rooted in the anti-Semitism to which the principals were subjected in their formative years.

It is useless to argue that other religious and national groups were subjected to undeserved public opprobrium at various times in our national history—the Irish Catholic in the 1860's, the Italian in the early 1900's and the Negro at all times—and still succeeded, in the overwhelming majority, in remaining loyal to the government and its people. The overwhelming number among the victims of anti-Semitism ever remained patriotically loyal, too. But the passage of time dulls our collective national memory where the results of racio-religious prejudice are concerned, and each generation must learn anew that denial of full equality on the national scene to any ethnic or religious group creates a fertile breeding ground for political malcontents, ever willing, given the opportunity, to put into effect the nihilism of Samson in the temple.

The Irish Catholic of today, moderately secure in the social scheme despite the occasional outbursts of a Blanshard or a Rutherford, is shocked at the perfidity of the Jews involved in the atom spy arrests.

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But he would be equally distressed to remember the days of his own political and economic disenfranchisement that gave rise to the murderous outbursts of the Molly Maguires and the excesses of the Draft Riots in New York in 1864-5, when a multitude of Irish refused violently to fight for a North that had a habit of displaying "No Irish Need Apply" signs in prominent positions at factory gates. This, of course, despite the fact that another multitude of Irish transcended their resentment at such treatment and volunteered for the Union Army.

Heavy stress has been put on the criminal activities of the Mafia among the early Italian immigrants, but little has been said of the role it played in forcing recognition of the political and economic rights of the submerged portion of the Italian population at the turn of the century. In a like measure the mass support that a Marcus Garvey or a Father Divine can get among Negroes is usually treated as a source of amused bewilderment on the part of whites and the enormous reservoir of resentment that created their fanatic followings is forgotten.

A political fact of life that every Catholic, Jewish and Negro child learns early is that the Presidency is still reserved for white Protestants and that despite unreserved loyalty and the best intentions he must stay in the place set for him. The knapsacks of Negroes, Catholics and Jews are passed by in the handing out of marshal's batons, and it is in the light of such knowledge that the stuff of traitors is made.

WHEN Harry Gold, a pudgy, nondescript little man with spaniel eyes, climbed that fateful stairway in an apartment house on a backstreet in Albuquerque, N. M., June 3, 1945, he was attended by an unseen host. With him on the staircase, helping him labor upward though all unconscious of their aid, were the *goyim* of his childhood in the old neighborhood of Fifth and Shunk in Philadelphia: the ones who made his every casual exploration from the family stoop a journey into fear. Harry Gold learned early to walk in fear of the wolf packs of gentile kids who swooped, like the Assyrian of old, whenever his vigilance was relaxed and pummeled and kicked him joyously to the tune of "You Christ-killing little sheeny!"

Time, chance and full consent of will, coupled with their original impetus, had sent him fleeing down the years along a dozen secret and devious trails, backtracking, fabricating, destroying identities, creating others out of whole cloth, throwing "invisible switches" that shuttled him into safe dream worlds out of the reach of the old enemies—until at last he came to the fateful door and, knocking, it was opened to him.

If history had a sense of fitness, it is possible that the words of identification courier Harry Gold spoke to David Greenglass would have been: "The kids at Fifth and Shunk sent me." But as a cue for the most monumental shift in the balance of power in the Twentieth Century, history had waiting a line of unparalleled inanity: "Julius sent me," Harry Gold said, smiling, and held out for a bona fide the torn half of a Jello box. But history wasn't totally lacking in a sense of fitness for the occasion: the flavor identification stamped on the torn half of the box in bold letters was Raspberry—and it was the biggest one ever slipped the practitioners of discrimination in the history of man.

Eisenhower and the Future

ACTUALLY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT, BUT THERE ARE GOOD REASONS TO HOPE FOR THE BEST

CHRISTOPHER CARR

PERHAPS the most astonishing thing about the man who is just about to be sworn in as the thirty-third President of the United States is that we really don't know much about him. Even though he has been a national hero for almost ten years and one of the most publicized men of this century, no one can say now with any degree of assurance what sort of government we can expect from him.

Mr. Carr is a Washington newspapermen.

Before the Republican convention, almost everyone had a fairly clear conception of General Eisenhower. He was a man of magnetic charm, unimpeachable integrity, and demonstrated ability. Apparently he was a truly great leader. Although his political-economic philosophy seemed somewhat conservative, he had been backed for the Democratic nomination by the Americans for Democratic Action in 1948, and it seemed highly probable that he could have been the Demo-

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cratic nominee in 1952 if he had so chosen. Obviously, he wasn't an arch-conservative. Moreover, his stand on foreign affairs was quite definite—he was a staunch internationalist.

At the end of the campaign, however, it seemed hard to believe that General Eisenhower and Candidate Eisenhower were actually one and the same man. He had demonstrated shocking ignorance of the elementary facts of current events. He had cast doubt on himself by allowing an emotional popular response determine the "justice" of Senator Nixon's fund, by failing to insist that the Senator make public his income-tax returns, and by supporting McCarthy and Jenner. He had talked like a neo-isolationist and an internationalist, like a conservative and a liberal, depending on which line would appeal to his audience. He had promised to reduce government expenditures and taxes, to retain and even in some respects to expand the New Deal social and economic program, to prevent inflation and to maintain collective defense. He had denounced and declaimed, but advanced no positive program, no specific solutions to any problems.

His campaign record is mentioned here, not because we gain anything by rehashing the past, but simply because it behooves us to consider what we can expect from the man who may well determine the future of civilization. Precisely who is "the real Ike"?

In all fairness, we should probably make generous allowances for Eisenhower the Candidate. There is something about our political system which tends to bring out the worst in a man when he is campaigning for the Presidency. Wendell Willkie, for example, did himself scant justice when he ran in 1940.

In the past campaign, Eisenhower appeared in a particularly bad light mainly because he was running against a candidate who broke all the traditional political rules. But normally we are supposed to expect, and perhaps discount, campaign oratory and to assume that the candidates are much better men than they appear to be under the stress of trying to win an election.

Even giving Eisenhower the benefit of the doubt, it is still virtually impossible to foresee what kind of a President he will be. Might he be an eminently "Constitutional" executive, who will merely advise and conciliate the unruly factions in Congress? After all, in contrast to Stevenson, he made no attempt to provide direction to the Republican Party. Instead, he concentrated most of his energy on unifying his heterogeneous following.

However, by his cabinet appointments, he has already proven beyond a doubt that he has no intention of being hamstrung by the Old Guard. Admittedly his cabinet is, on the whole, extremely conservative. But it hardly jibes with the wishes of Senator Taft. There are, therefore, grounds on which to hope that General Eisenhower will assert his authority and independence, even at the cost of antagonizing powerful elements of his party.

PERHAPS the chief cause for perplexity about the future of the country under General Eisenhower is that it is almost impossible to determine what his domestic and international views actually are. Of course, there is no room for doubt that he will have to forget a number of things he said during the campaign, particularly some of the contradictory things. It seems probable that despite anything he may have said his ideas on foreign affairs have not undergone any basic changes. But there is considerable uncertainty about his approach to domestic problems.

This uncertainty has been pointed up by two different reports in the Washington *Post*. First, Robert C. Albright wrote: "In general, differences over domestic programs between (Eisenhower and Taft) appear highly unlikely. Strange as it seems, Ike appears to some intimates to be the more conservative of the two. . . ." Exactly a week later, Alfred Friendly wrote: "He has promised, and he means it, to use the Federal authority to the full to prevent depressions, to maintain individual opportunity and to correct evils when the natural working of the business system fails to do the job. . . . Ike picks no great quarrel with the New Deal and is . . . willing to credit it with the recovery that followed the Great Depression." The probable explanation of this apparent confusion is, as Friendly says, that "Ike has no polarized economic views. . . ."

Trying to view everything in the most hopeful light, therefore, perhaps the liberals, during the past months, have exaggerated the apparent limitations of Eisenhower; perhaps they would do well to re-examine their opinions. This seems especially true when we remember, for example, that another general, Jackson, did not seem particularly suited for the Presidency when elected. He gave no striking evidence of having a profound comprehension of public affairs. And who would have predicted in 1932 that Franklin D. Roosevelt would develop as he did? When Walter Lippmann said of Roosevelt that he was simply a pleasant young man of no particular interest except that he wanted very much to become President, he probably expressed a common view. This is not to say that Eisenhower might be another Jackson or Roosevelt, but it is to suggest that he may have far more promise than many of his critics have allowed themselves to hope.

There are other reasons for not being overly pessimistic. Disregarding for the moment the conduct of Candidate Eisenhower, there is no denying that the General has demonstrated great ability. It may be rather tiresome to point out again that he was the commander who led the Allies to victory in Europe

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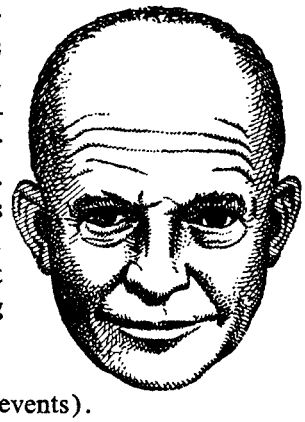
during World War II. Surely he has received enough credit for that by now. But we should never forget it—not just because he has merited our everlasting respect as a great American, but also because in this role he showed that he could meet great challenges with courage and resolution. After all, the man who alone made the hazardous decision not to postpone the Normandy invasion because the weather had turned foul can hardly be a faltering, spineless individual.



Then there was Eisenhower's magnificent job as the commander of NATO. And that was really a political-diplomatic feat rather than a military achievement. Although Senator Morse has criticized Eisenhower's record in this post, it does seem that he succeeded in bringing about a large measure of unity (even if it proves transitory under the pressure of events).

Perhaps, too, we should assign a large degree of blame to the hucksters and the build-up boys for the banalities and platitudes that Eisenhower mouthed during the late unpleasantness. It's hard to believe that Candidate Eisenhower was the same man who wrote and delivered the great Guild Hall speech in London and who spoke so forcefully and articulately in behalf of NATO.

General Eisenhower may have been built into something of a myth in the past, but it is quite certain that the myth had a substantial factual foundation.

Of course, in his new job all this past glory will avail him little. After spending forty years in the Army, he will now become civilian administrator of the United States. And even for a general, he is surprisingly unfamiliar with the great issues of today. But there is reason to hope that Eisenhower will measure up to the office. His record shows that adaptability is one of his most outstanding characteristics. Time and again, he has met completely new challenges in a dynamic and resourceful way. Apparently he has a remarkable ability to absorb and comprehend swiftly new ideas and concepts. Despite his relative ignorance of many issues, he is well-equipped to understand and meet the problems that will confront him after January 20.

There is real hope, moreover, in the fact that the Presidency, with all its tremendous responsibilities, tends to bring out any potential greatness in a man. After Roosevelt died, few people thought that Truman would ever measure up to the job. It seemed quite possible that the nation had suffered a great catastrophe when he was sworn in as President. But the chances are that his own hope of greatness will be realized when the historians assess his difficult administration.

ALL of this is not to whitewash Candidate Eisenhower or to try to build up any false hopes. His strange performance during the campaign will not easily be forgotten, nor should it be. But perhaps it is worthwhile to try to gain a balanced attitude towards the man who is about to head our nation.

Unfortunately he may have sealed his own doom. If Governor Stevenson had been elected, he could have, without hesitation, made unpopular decisions. He said in no uncertain terms that he would be unable to bring about the millenium. But Eisenhower, if not explicitly at least implicitly, guaranteed peace and prosperity. The expectations of the people are now so high that it will be impossible to gratify them. When the Great Disillusionment sets in, the already tremendous burden of the Presidency may prove almost unbearable.

As the *Washington Star* has said, "The crucial question of the next four years is: Will this man have the courage and independence to assert bold leadership in the national interest, when another course might be easier, more popular—and much more perilous?"

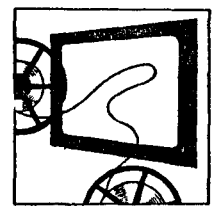
In any case, as has been observed by almost every columnist and editorial writer in the country, General Eisenhower has been given an unexampled personal mandate. He owes nothing to any factions. He now enjoys a position of complete independence. If he capitalizes on this unique advantage, he should, at least in the beginning, be able to receive the Congressional stamp of approval on any measures he proposes. The American people have given him a rare opportunity indeed. The responsibility for the welfare of this country is now almost completely his.

Whether we were for him or against him, we must now on the eve of his inauguration wish him well.

THE SCREEN

MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

THAT's what the motion picture industry needs, the right touch, the right accent to bring out its inherent good taste and its best flavor. There's nothing wrong with the movie industry that some good movies won't cure; but in looking over the list of films of 1952, one is impressed with the number of middle-class pictures that were neither bad nor good. I'm afraid Dore Schary's statement is somewhat wishful thinking: "Television is actually having a salutary effect on films. It is eliminating our potboilers, dreadful melodramas and



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other junk. In fact, television is inheriting most of Hollywood's mediocrities." Some of what Mr. Schary says is true; but not all the junk has been eliminated yet. And while there were good movies in 1952, there were not enough of them.

Here is my list of the best ten for 1952. It is a personal list, and yours will no doubt differ, but it does include several films of which cinema might well be proud.

High Noon: Not only is this the best western of the year, but for my money it is the best picture of the year and one of the best westerns of all times. Stanley Kramer's excellent production and Fred Zinnemann's thoughtful direction of Gary Cooper and a good supporting cast had a quality that made you feel the tense situation in this dusty little town and believe its people. Furthermore Carl Foreman's well-written script successfully integrated a message of civic responsibility into its exciting plot. Its opening and closing scenes are unforgettable. ("The Big Sky" was another outdoor drama that used locale well in telling its story.)

The Quiet Man: Producer-director John Ford went to Ireland to make the handsomest Technicolor picture of the year, and he also gave us one of the most delightful. Maurice Walsh's story of the taming of a shrew, with lovely Maureen O'Hara as the shrew and virile John Wayne as the tamer who tried not to be pugilistic, was a bit thin; but it was a gay starting point for an amusing commentary on the Irish and it provided Barry Fitzgerald with one of his best roles.

Come Back, Little Sheba: Although the stark realism of this story about an alcoholic and his slovenly wife is hard to take at times, the picture's plea for understanding and love is greatly moving. And Shirley Booth's performance is magnificent.

Breaking Through the Sound Barrier: David Lean has directed this English movie about supersonic planes so well that for once the subject of flying and the tension between those who fly and those who wait is told in true cinematic terms.

Flowers of St. Francis: My nomination for the best foreign-language film of the year goes to Roberto Rossellini's lyrical movie about the famous Saint and his little brothers. Although these men are portrayed by non-professional actors, who are actually Franciscan friars, and the film has an almost naive simplicity, it has been extraordinarily successful in conveying the real meaning of St. Francis.

Where's Charley?: Ray Bolger's likable personality and wonderful dancing and Frank Loesser's music and lyrics made this the year's most enjoyable music for me; but I must admit that "Singin' in the Rain," with the dancing and clowning of Donald O'Connor and Gene Kelly, was a much more original musical picture.

The Marrying Kind: The script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, and the bright performances of Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray under the direction of George Cukor, worked well together to make this a tender, moving story about two ordinary people whose marriage was not all beer and skittles.

The Greatest Show on Earth: Although the plot of Cecil B. De Mille's three-ring circus faltered badly, the circus atmosphere itself was swell; and the picture fairly glittered with glamor, movie stars, entertainment and Technicolored sawdust.

Anything Can Happen: In telling the story of a Russian Georgian's first year in the United States, this film was the best of the survival-over-adversity school of films of which there were a whole flock this year. Jose Ferrer gave an outstanding performance as the sincere, honest, lovable immigrant who wanted above all else to become a good American; and Kim Hunter was charming as the girl who helped him.

Five Fingers: The year saw a plethora of spy films, many of which were good; but of them all I liked best this tale of trickery in Turkey. Joseph L. Mankiewicz's direction of an excellent cast turned the experiences of the valet in "Operation Cicero" into an amazing and amusing thriller for adults.

The Magic Garden: This gay whimsy made in South Africa with an all-native, non-professional cast, was something new in the line of imported films, and worthy, for its originality, music and sense of fun, of much more attention than it got.

SO stand my ten. You can add or subtract according to your own taste. One film that should be on this year's list for having done so much to advance movie technique is "This Is Cinerama," the three-dimensional screen entertainment now on display in New York. It could be that one day cinerama will be movies' answer to television; but since at this point, although it is a tremendous success in New York, cinerama's program consists mostly of travelogues, singing and sports, and since the medium is in the experimental stage, full evaluation should be withheld for a while.

However if the motion picture industry is on its toes it will appreciate what can be done with three-dimensional movies. They and the seriousness of the Supreme Court's decision on "The Miracle" case must cause the movie makers to realize their responsibility. Perhaps it will take more than a touch of Accent to give movies good taste. In any case, let's hope that movies, with or without the help of monosodium glutamate, are not bigger but are better in 1953.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Chicago, Illinois

TO the Editors: It is more than shocking—it is sickening—to see the insulting and all-too-common advertisement on the back cover of your December 26 issue. It might do justice to the marquee of a burlesque theater; it does nothing but cheapen your magazine.

The previous issue of The Commonweal contained a very penetrating and humble analysis of the state of the movies. I suggest that you contribute to that state —and far more than would another magazine—in accepting such an ad. I think you owe your readers an apology.

PETER C. GOULDING.

We agree with Mr. Goulding. The offensive ad found its way into the pages of The Commonweal due to a complex of last-minute circumstances. We sincerely regret its appearance there and offer readers an apology.

THE EDITORS.

APPEAL FROM GERMANY

Dusseldorf, Germany

TO the Editors: May we apologize for sending you an appeal for assistance so soon after Christmas? One of your friends, whom we dare to call our friend too, encouraged us and in our desperation we turn to you.

Michael is a weekly German Catholic weekly modeled, we would like to think, along the general lines of The Commonweal. Our present predicament is that our publisher, who has been the financial backer of our weekly, intends to withdraw his support of our paper on December 31, because of financial difficulties.

Our balance on the 31st of December will be even: no deficit and no credit. This means we have to seek new financial support; if not, then *Michael,* a weekly which appeals to a socially progressive Catholicism, will die. We are therefore appealing to all our friends and those who feel and think like us to assist us in this crisis. We hope that you will consider our appeal and perhaps, through your readers, spread the news that a journalistic life can be saved through prompt action.

Our financial position is that, unfortunately, our subscriptions do not come in until March, 1953. During this period we will need operating capital which totals some seven thousand dollars. We are launching an appeal to all our readers through a committee to save *Michael.* Through this group we hope to raise a good portion of the necessary money, but with all our German friends together it will still not be enough. *Michael* needs the help of all its friends or future friends—may we count on you for support?

We are, of course, opposed to any appeasement of Communism, but we want to fight it not in the military field only, but also in the spiritual. This means that we abhor the concept of a neutralized Germany, which we hold to be utopian and stupid, but that we believe military defense makes sense only if it is backed by a strong spiritual ideal.

Michael was founded in 1932, under the name of the "Youth Front," as a weekly organ of the active Catholic German Youth. Msgr. Wolker, who is still one of the editorial advisers, was the main support of the idea of building up an effective anti-Nazi journal. In 1934 the name of the paper had to be changed to a more religious one: *Michael.* Up to February 1936 *Michael* was forbidden four times, and then suppressed entirely. At that time it had a circulation of three hundred and twenty thousand.

In 1947 *Michael* came back to life, sponsored by the US Military Government. We had lost most of our readership, and our present small, but devoted, twenty-three thousand subscribers are a testimony, in a sense, to the changing times.

We mention all this in one rush of breath, not in the desire to be wordy but in the hope that you may think that we are worthy of your help. We hope not to be in this supplicant role for long and soon to be able to form with you a stronger link in progressive Christian journalism.

OTTO VIETH.
GEORG THURMAIR.

Contributions toward the continued publication of this important German Catholic journal should be sent to Verlag Michael, Bastionstrasse 14, Dusseldorf, Germany.

THE EDITORS.

OF NOTE

TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN

THE current issue of *Cross Currents* (3111 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.) contains an essay from a book soon to be published in England written by Ralph Harper, professor of philosophy at Harvard. The following is an excerpt:

It is not easy to characterize the twentieth century, not because we are in the middle of it or because we do not know all that can be said of it. The difficulty is that one is depressed by a multiplicity of evidence that all is not going well.

Perhaps the most significant act of the times is the curious intermixture of success and failure. This is a

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century of homelessness and exile, of nervous disorder and persecution, of actual enslavement and barbaric cruelty. It is also a century of the highest advances in technology and comfort, of the profoundest social and critical sensitiveness.

The greater the wisdom and the more widespread the social aspirations, the greater the disillusion with false leaders and false movements. When things go wrong, as they so often do, disillusion then matches expectation. It may not be true that more has gone wrong in this century than in any other; it is certainly true that mankind is more conscious now of its failures, just because it knows so much more surely what it ought to be able to accomplish.

For this reason the twentieth century has to be judged in terms of the opposites which make up its power. It is just as false to speak of its homelessness without speaking first of its belief in social and economic justice, as it would be to speak of its technology without speaking of the wars which absorb so much of that technology. And yet it is proper that we should think first of the homelessness that is expressing itself in personal homesickness and longing for lands never seen. If fulfillment must somehow precede longing, it is nevertheless fitting that an understanding of homelessness must precede an understanding of longing and fulfillment.

One should not underestimate our acquaintance with the negative aspects of our time. People do not always wish to be reminded of them, because they have the nineteenth century illusion that if the race is not progressing it ought to be. They resent any implication that life is more complicated than we have been led to think. However much men today suppress or ignore depressing estimates of their time, they are well-acquainted with the facts.

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Orders are now being accepted for the second term.

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What are these facts? There are four, three of which have appeared since the French Revolution. The most notorious of these is the totalitarian reality of slave or police states paralysing human growth and decency. By this reality many millions of human beings have already, within forty years, been killed, mutilated, dispersed, and enslaved. And the rest of the world still lives under the threat of being treated in the same way.

Whatever one may say of the causes of this catastrophe—and one of the causes is the legitimate aspiration of the dispossessed to be treated justly, humanly—the channeling of just aspirations into police states has so far brought only loss and fear to everyone. Against this background human figures even in the politically free countries struggle on, hampered by two more immediate pressures: the continued indifference of the bourgeois mind to individuality and spiritual values on the one hand, and on the other, the accelerating complexity of the demands modern living makes. The fact that most of these demands are trivial does not make them less effective or less noticeable. There is so much to learn, so much to hear about, do, see, so much that changes even while one watches, that life sometimes seems like getting a mail bag full of third class matter.

The effect of these three pressures is simply to make individuals feel anonymous, without a name which can live on in either memory or affection. The person who feels this anonymity in himself, feels himself ceasing to be a person.

It may be suggested that one need not be recognized to be a person, that one can get along by oneself. But the experience of the great isolated figures of the nineteenth century has proven that this is not the case. At no other time has mankind given individualism and voluntary isolation so fair a trial. The bourgeois individualism in politics and economics has been no more socially successful than the rebellious isolation of artists and philosophers. Their fruit is their sequel, the present century in which isolation is more widespread, but only because isolation today is the enforced isolation of those who are denied individual liberty, the quiet and opportunity to develop their convictions.

The last century knew anonymity too, but it was the anonymity of bourgeois economic individualism which, prophetically, the rebellious artists and philosophers singled out as the flaw of modern life. But the isolated men of the last century did not think of themselves as anonymous.

Now no one is in a position to claim that he has escaped anonymity altogether. There is no longer any easy way to avoid the pressures that we have just recounted. The problem is not when will these pressures abate—probably they will not abate, but increase—but how and whether man can be affected by them and still retain his creative powers and social virtues.

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A SHORT STORY

An Enduring Friendship

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

WHEN Georgie Canty saw Louis Golden at the Customs counter of the airport he muttered "Bastard!" under his breath: which was what he hoped most people in Ireland thought of Mister Louis Bloody Well Golden, editor of *The Daily Crucifix,* "Ireland's One and Only Catholic Daily"—and one too many at that!

Georgie's eyes closed, his mouth zipped tight. His duodenal walked slowly all round his waist with spiked boots. It stuck a red-hot sword in through his navel. It pulled his liver out through his ribs. His eyes closed in agony. . . .

He lifted his lids and his eyes swivelled down the counter-length at Golden—at his long neck like a heron, his little rabbit's puss with the two white teeth like a nutria, the hunched shoulders of a constipated stork, and the same soapy grin for the Customs officer that he probably switched on whenever he'd be talking to a bishop. As he looked at him Georgie wondered if there ever had been a plane-crash in which everybody was saved, except one man.

That night at the United Bankers! With himself and Golden, two of a platform of four, debating the motion *That the Irish are the Most Tolerant Race in the World.* Three sentences. Three not too lengthy sentences about how silly it is for Irishmen to be chasing Freemasons as if they had four horns and two tails; and there he was, the next morning, crucified in *The Crucifix* under a three-column headline—BANKERS DEFEND MASONS—and, on page four, a leading article entitled, "So this is Holy Ireland?" signed *Louis Paul Golden.* Naturally he was barely inside the door of the bank before he was called into the parlor.

"I understand, Mister Canty," old Plummer smiled at him across the carpet with teeth that would clip a hedge, "I understand that you saw fit to defend Freemasonry in public last night? Is that correct?"

Now, of course every man in the bank knows perfectly well that there isn't a month that old Plumtree Gum doesn't toddle off to the Masonic Hall with his little apron and all the rest of his regalia; and, for all anybody knows, he might be the great Mah Jong of Molesworth Street, he might be the Prince Mason of the Western World. So, what could Georgie do but rub his palms, smile a man-of-the-world smile, and utter these famous last words:

"Irishmen are in many ways absurd . . ."

They heard Plummer's roar outside in the Foreign Exchange Department. After that it was ding-dong-bell for five minutes . . . Who—would somebody please, *please,* tell him—who ever asked anybody to defend anybody in private or in public? And if, by any possible chance, however remote, anybody ever did happen to require the kind services of anybody why should anybody think that *his* brilliant services were what was specifically demanded by the occasion? And, furthermore, there were people in this city who were very well equipped to defend themselves for themselves. And furthermore, he himself had lived in this city for fifty odd years and he had never made any secret of the fact that he was a member of the Worshipful Grand Order, and if he was ever required to defend himself he could do it very well indeed thank you without anybody's assistance! And, furthermore, and especially, he would be greatly obliged if people would have the goodness to remember that their job, first, foremost and before all, was to consider the interests of the institution that paid them and made them, which would be a jolly sight better thing for all concerned than to be going out and opening their bloody gobs to make roaring asses of themselves in the bloody press, and he would be infinitely obliged to Mr. Canty if he would remember *that.* And, furthermore . . .

Not a peep out of Georgie. He sat dumb as a goldfish until he heard the voice of God Almighty bidding him good-morning in a voice like a hangman's chaplain, followed by the words: "I will consider later, Mr. Canty, what disciplinary action may be most appropriate to the occasion." As Georgie walked back over the two-and-a-half miles of marble floor to his cubby-hole not a sound was heard, not a funeral note, except for some scut softly whistling "Will ye no come back again?" He had not done much work in his cubby-hole that day, waiting to be packed off to some back-of-beyond like Killorglin or Cahirciveen. After six weeks without one good night's sleep, he had applied for a week's leave of absence, on a doctor's certificate.

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THE loud-speaker retailed a female voice in Irish, of which he understood only the word Gurrabbul-luballoo, which means, "Thanks." He opened his eyes to see the queue trailing out. He was the last man on the plane. He took the last seat. He found himself sitting beside the last man in the world he had wanted to see again. Their safety-belts got entangled. Golden looked up and at once shot out his paw:

"Georgie Canty, for all the world! Well, isn't this the real McCoy. This is great luck."

Georgie shook his hand warmly:

"Louis Golden. Well, I'm delighted. Simply delighted to see you. Traveling far?"

"Let me help you with that belt," said Golden, and he tucked Canty in like a baby in its pram. Then he patted his thigh. "How's tricks? I heard you weren't too well."

"Not bad, not bad. And yourself? And the missus? All the care doing well?"

As they roared down the runway for the take-off Golden blessed himself piously. Canty thought it just as well to do a fiddle, also, around his third vest-button.

"I suppose," he said presently, trying to suggest (but only suggest) a faint sneer, "you're off to some ecclesiastical conference?"

Golden leaned over with a confidential, crooked grin and nudged Canty.

"Mattherofact, d'ye know what I was doing the last time I was in Paris? I was touring an Australian Jesuit around the night-clubs. He was very agreeably surprised."

"In which sense?" asked Georgie, modulating between innocence and insinuation. Golden only laughed and waved a tolerant claw.

"Harmless. A bit of leg. Nothing more. The usual routine. We did about five or six of them. Folies Bergeres. Bal Tabarin. Chin-Chin. Eve. The Blue Angel. Nothing at all to it."

Georgie squinted sideways at him, thinking of the moths in the Bal Tabarin coming out in the altogether.

"Did *you* approve?" he enquired.

"It's not a question of approving." When he said "question" his two white teeth went bare. "It's all a matter of atmosphere. When in Rome, and so on."

He grabbed the hostess by the hip and ordered two double-brandies. This, mind you, at nine-thirty in the morning!

"Morals," he explained to Georgie, "morals in the sense of *mores* are always affected by time and place. For example, would you walk down O'Connell Street in the middle of the noon-day with nothing on but a Lastex slip?"

"The Guards'd have me in the Bridewell in two ticks."

"There was a fella walked down the Rue Royale last year with nothin' at all on. He was only fined five francs. Betty Grable could walk down the beach at Biarritz in a G-string and a smile and nobody would look twice at her."

The brandy was going to Georgie's head. He leaned over and laughed:—

"I believe Lady Godiva rode down Broadway wan time in her skin and everybody ran out in wild excitement to see the white horse. But if that be so what's this I hear about the bishops not wanting girls to wear cycling-shorts?"

"Who would? cackled Golden, and they went hard at it.

They were still arguing the toss over the Channel, and whether it was the six double-brandies, or the elevating sensation of being up in the air, Georgie began, in spite of himself, to find the little runt almost bearable. It was not until the Eiffel Tower appeared out of the smoke that he brought down the question of Freemasons:—

"You knew blooming well that night that I wasn't defending Freemasonry. But in spite of that, you bastard, you came out in your rotten rag and tore the guts out of me."

"Editorial policy." Blandly.

"Do you realize that you nearly cost me my job?" And he told him all about it.

"Ah! No!" cried Louis, genuinely distressed. "For God's sake! Is that true? Well now doesn't that show ye what Freemasons are!"

All the same he stuck to his guns. Georgie had to grant him that he stuck to his guns.

THEY were still at it as they whirled around The Undying Flame in the bus; and as Georgie had not booked a hotel he went off with Louis; and by the time they were finishing lunch, and two bottles of Nuits Saint George, they had arrived at the Arian heresy—about which they both knew sweet damn-all —and were still at homoeusion and homousion at half-past four in front of two Otards and the Cafe de Paris in the blazing sun.

"Now, look Louis, you flaming scoundrel," Georgie was saying, "your trouble is you're a moralist. All you want is an autocratic, oligarchic Church laying down the law about everything from cremation to contraceptives. You're a Puritan! That's what you are!"

Louis leaned a gentle hand on Georgie's arm and breathed on him like a father confessor.

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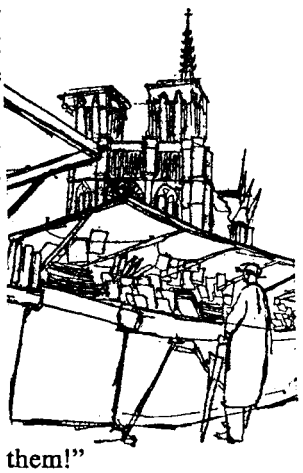
"Georgie! I'll tell you something. Here in Paris. As bloke to bloke. I have exactly the same pashuns as you have. But I *know* me pashuns! I *know* them—and they're dynamite! And what's more, the pashuns of every Irishman are dynamite! And double dynamite! And triple dynamite! And if the priests of Ireland are hard on their own people, it's because they know that if they once took the lid off the pashuns of Irish men and Irish women, aye and of Irish children, the country would BLOW UP! Look at Saint Paul!"

Georgie looked and saw a smashing blonde. Louis dragged him ashore, and the pair of them took Saint Paul down to the Rue Donau where Golden knew a little bar called of all things *Le Crucifix;* and then they took Saint Augustine, who was a bloke Georgie said he never liked—and he didn't care *who* knew it! —across to a bar on the Quatre Septembre where they had four flat Guinesses for ould Ireland's sake; and then they took the Manichees and the Jansenists, and Pascal up to the bar at the Gare du Nord; and then they went up to Sacre Coeur to say a prayer, and lean on the balustrade, and Louis explained all about Modernism to Georgie, and Georgie said it was his cup of tea, and to hell with the Council of Trent anyway for jiggering up everything; and then they had dinner near the old Pigalle, with two more bottles of Nuits Saint George; and then nothing would do Louis but to prove he wasn't a Puritan by going off to the Bal Tabarin where they had two bottles of *champagne obligatoire* at three thousand francs a nose.



All Georgie could remember after that was seeing twelve girls coming out on the platform, with about as much on them, if it was all sewn together, as would make a fair-sized loin-cloth for one Zulu, and telling Louis, with his arm out to the twelve girls:

"There y'are! Janshenist'd shay thatsh shinful! And you —And you're a fellow I never liked, and I don't care what you think!—*you* agree with them!"

"No! Exhplain to ye! Nothing that God made is shinful. Couldn't be. Shin is in us. Those girls aren't even an occashun of shin. And why? 'Cos they don't bother us."

"Bother me," said Georgie. "Bother me a helluva lot. That little wan with the green hair would bother Saint Augustine!"

"God's truth?" asked Louis.

" 'Struth," said Georgie.

"Come on out," said Louis, getting up.

"Sit down," shouted Georgie, dragging him back.

"C'mout," said Louis, getting up again.

"Down!" shouts Georgie, hauling him down again.

"Out!" shouts Louis.

"Be quiet!" shouts everybody, and your two men began to shout at everybody else, and to fight one another and a table gets knocked over, and champagne gets spilled on a girl's dress, and the twelve girls pay no attention at all only kicking away up in the air like galvanized geese, and the two of them get hauled out and slung out on their backs on the pavement. Like one man they rush back. Like one man they get slung out again. At that they get up and they look into one another's faces, their noses one inch apart:—

"You dirty little Freemason!" says Golden, baring his two teeth, and his lips glistening in the moonlight.

"You rotten little Puritan!" says Georgie with the hate of hell in his voice.

At that the two of them stopped dead as if they were a pair of waxworks out of the Musée Grevin, horrified by the sight of the hate in one another's faces. They were so horrified that they burst into a wild fit of laughing. They rocked there in one another's arms, falling over one another with the bitterness of the laughing and the hatred and the shame.

A taxi drew up beside them. They tumbled into it. And the next place they were was in the square in front of Notre Dame because Georgie said he wanted to see if the moon could laugh at them as much as it laughed at the gargoyles. The square was empty—it was after one in the morning. The two of them linked arms and began to stroll along the river singing the saddest Irish dirges they knew. Georgie used to say afterwards that he often thought of the poor women inside in the Hotel Dieu enduring the pangs of childbirth while the two of them were bawling away about their wild Irish rose, and wouldn't she come home again, Kathl-e-e-en! For the rest of the week they were inseparable.

WHEN Georgie and Louis meet nowadays in the street, they always greet one another warmly. They ask after one another's health. They send their regards to one another's wives. If a companion asks either of them, "Who was that?" he will say the name, add, "Not a bad sort of chap," and feel the shame of that night burning in him all over again. For, of course, the truth of the whole matter is that once you go on a drunk with a fellow you're stuck with him for life; and in Ireland every bitter word we say has to be paid for sooner or later in shame, in pity, in kindness, and perhaps even in some queer sort of perverted love.

Mr. O'Faolain is an Irish short-story writer, novelist and biographer. He is the author of "A Nest of Simple Folk," "A Summer in Italy," "Newman's Way," etc.

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America's Colonial Past: The Southland

MYTHS AND REALITIES: Societies of the Colonial South. By Carl Bridenbaugh. Louisiana State University Press. $3.25.

By WAYNE ANDREWS

THOUGH the news may come as a surprise to many of us who have shuddered at the enormities of academic prose, a sense of humor is not unknown in our graduate schools, and now and then a wise professor has been heard to advise his students that this or that text is a *contribution*—so much of a contribution that it might as well remain admired and unread on the library shelves. To tell the truth, more than one volume dealing with American history might be so classified, a fact which makes Carl Bridenbaugh's newest book all the more welcome.

Although Dr. Bridenbaugh happens to be one of the eminent scholars of our colonial period, he couldn't possibly bring forth a tome which would fit into that threatening category. Unlike the antiquarians who plow the colonial field year in year out with tireless and tiring devotion, he can't sit down to his typewriter without an audience in mind, and his publishers may wake up tomorrow morning to realize that the public for "serious" history is a lot bigger than they imagined.

Myths and Realities is a slender volume whose novel conclusions, tersely expressed, will be pondered in the months to come by the professionals who can't afford to neglect the latest interpretations of our colonial past. Judging from the reception which Dr. Bridenbaugh's earlier books received at the hands of his fellow specialists, his newest won't be scorned even in the darkest regions of America Academica. But as we have already hinted, this doesn't mean that you and I should pass up this study of the Colonial South. As a matter of fact, many of us, when we come to the end of these two hundred graceful pages, sprinkled almost all of them with telling quotations, may have trouble believing that these essays were actually delivered as lectures at Louisiana State. American history, we may say, was never like this when we went to school. Probably it wasn't.

Since so many respectful historians have emphasized only the respectable aspect of Colonial Virginia, Dr. Bridenbaugh's opening essay on the social customs in and about Chesapeake Bay may seem at first glance to be more saucy than accurate, but he is, after all, talking the language of common sense when he reminds us that "the renowned open hospitality practiced by the gentry sprang initially from the social needs of their isolated existence and only secondarily from the conscious imitation of customs and courtesy of the gentlefolk of all ages and countries." And he is only being fair when he denies that the tobacco aristocrats "were possessed of either a wide or a profound literary culture." Giving William Byrd of Westover and the diarist Dr. Alexander Hamilton of Annapolis their due, he explains that "literary achievement is not to be expected from an aristocracy whose members are concerned with politics and the extroverted life of a rural people. Such writers as it produces will be dilettantes who take up their pens for the amusement or instruction of a small coterie at most." All of which leads Dr. Bridenbaugh to point out that the great and noble men of this part of the world were "men of intellect, not intellectuals." As he sees it, Jefferson and Madison were accepted, yet never wholly trusted by their fellow citizens; "George Washington and Lighthorse Harry Lee, men of action . . . these are the men typical of the Chesapeake Society at its best."

Slipping down to Charleston in his second essay, Dr. Bridenbaugh notes that "families of actual gentle birth were even fewer than in the Chesapeake country; the bourgeois grown rich and seeking gentility set the style." He adds that "unlike the illusory wealth of the Chesapeake gentry, that of the Carolinians was real; for its time it was the big money." This, of course, is just the kind of setting in which the art of architecture thrives, and we are not surprised to be told that "the cool and airy high-ceilinged interiors of the great town houses were elaborately decorated and elegantly furnished in the latest London modes, designed expressly to set them off to the best advantage when their owners entertained—which was almost continually."

One gathers, though, that Dr. Bridenbaugh is not altogether satisfied with Charleston's performance in the colonial period. He can't help regretting that "its native sons knew little Latin, less Greek, and seldom read books," and he makes much of the fact that it "produced no native scientist, painter, musician, or scholar."

Perhaps the best essay of all is the last, in which Dr. Bridenbaugh tells us about life in the inelegant Back Parts, far from Charleston. Here is an account of the great wagon road winding down from Philadelphia through the Shenandoah Valley; this was the route followed by the Scots, the Welsh, the Germans, and the others who poured down from the North in the eighteenth century. We hear of one of the triumphs of these settlers—the town plan of Salem, North Carolina, and we listen to their grudges, the very grudges which ended in the mob violence known as "the Regulation."

We should add that our guide through the Back Parts—or at least the authority most often quoted by Dr. Bridenbaugh—is a certain Charles Woodmason, an irrepressible Episcopal clergyman of whom you'll be sure to hear again. His reports to the Bishop of London have been cited before this by many an industrious historian, but this is, so far as we know, the first time that he has really been unleashed. It won't be the last, for his travel diary is a wonderfully erratic thing.

The travel diaries of urgent clergymen are likely, of course, to be

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the sort of documents that cautious scholars label as untypical, and not every historian would have taken the trouble to put Mr. Woodmason in his proper place. But then Dr. Bridenbaugh is a touch too entertaining, a bit too provocative to be a typical representative himself of American scholarship.

Music Hath Charm

MUSIC AND IMAGINATION. By Aaron Copland. Harvard University Press. $2.75.

By SERGE HUGHES

THERE are few experiences so necessary for people in constant contact with books as occasional meanderings in other fields of expression. It is not a question of reincarnating the many-sided man of the Renaissance, although the necessary vanity of people who write or professionally criticize books would not take any offense at such a prospect. But it is the more prosaic question of perspective and balance.

The belief that in poems and novels and philosophies are the deepest utterances, and that music and the so-called plastic arts are lesser utterances, is rarely clearly articulated in the bookish mind. Yet the notion of the primacy of "literature" need not be presented formally: it can simply diffuse itself quite inconspicuously into a general, and very real, attitude. It *is* hard for the bookish man to admit that there have been periods whose pictures and musical positions have been far more important than its novels or poems.

That is why *Music and Imagination* is such a fine book for bookish people. It is good bait, the best of its kind, for it describes in literary terms, something essentially different from literature. It might, of course, be as reassuring and as final on what it has to say about music as some art books seem to be about art, books such as make their readers consider the personal seeing of a painting like gilding the lily. There is a good chance, though, in spite of this possibility, that Aaron Copland will succeed in driving people to put down their books and listen to music for a while.

His book has all the needed virtues. There is a dabbling in philosophy (Santayana and Maritain are quoted) . . . always a good aperitif. The incorrigible tendency to play the classics *ad infinitum* is discussed in strong, unambiguous terms. The value and uniqueness of American music are described without any jingoist estheticizing. And there are definite compositions listed to exemplify certain points; and, dotting the *i*'s, a list of records indispensable for the understanding of those points. Added to these merits is the absence of pedantry and artiness, an attitude which will not permit music to be something above humor and lightheartedness.

It is, indeed, a very competent and crafty little book Mr. Copland has written for bookish people. After reading it, it will be hard not to approach music again, or for the first time, with the desire to give it a more spacious place in one's life, to let it speak and disclose, as perhaps no other art can, the mysterious heights and depths through which the soul can travel.

To Face Reality

THE FAITH AND MODERN MAN. By Romano Guardini. Translated by Charlotte E. Forsyth. Pantheon. $3.50.

By W. H. RUSSELL

THE twelve chapters of this volume are comprised of the following topics: Adoration, God's Patience (the best chapter), God's Dominion and Man's Freedom, the Lordship of Christ, Providence, Revelation as History, Faith as Overcoming, Faith and Doubt in the Stages of Life, Dogma, the Saints, the Adversary (Satan), Purgatory.

Written originally for Christians whom the Nazis were attempting to crush, later delivered to an audience of all denominations, these essays presume some depth on the part of the reader. Monsignor Guardini does not rehash old truths so much as he enlivens them with his wide imagination. Before him always are the doubts, difficulties, conflicts of modern man. The believer as well as the unbeliever is kept in mind. The author knows his audience.

Indirectly, Guardini seems to be telling Catholic theologians and apologists to rise above mechanical expositions of revelation. He stands, of course, for validity of reason, but he recognizes the agony of modern man. "Let us give the question full rein. Let us feel the danger in it, the threatening darkness which it draws about our existence." "The moving force in doubt is hostility towards God."

Basically the author seems to desire to aid his readers to come to a decision, to face up to reality, which is truth. "The answer required by revelation is obedience." "In the earliest time, Faith was felt to be an instruction in the activity of God and a call to understand and take part in it." "Jesus is, before everything, a man of action."

Too often in the Church we have been afflicted by inaction, by sterile intellectualism. On the other hand, Guardini may confuse some American readers by his use of word "action." The European is more speculative. The author states that "too long Christianity has been beset with practical purposes. We have moralized it, made it active, and in so doing have lost sight of its real nature. . . . Revelation is not given to us primarily that we may do something with it, but that we may adore it and live by it. And by that is meant really 'adore,' actually 'live' — not merely hear, read, find beautiful, and enjoy." By 'action' in a higher sense he means: "action of inner transformation of thought, the action of contemplative prayer . . . and to bear with the contradictions which are always coming up." The fact that Guardini failed to treat the first half of the Our Father — which is concerned with adoration—in his chapter on Adoration may indicate how intellectuals often fail to aid the "practical" Catholic who even without reading finds strength in the Lord's Prayer.

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Soul of Asia

THE MIND OF EAST ASIA. By L. Abegg. Thames & Hudson. $4.50.

By N. S. TIMASHEFF

THIS is one more book about a problem known to be insoluble: the mind of a nation. In this case it is the mind of East Asia. The idea that a nation has a mind is tantamount to saying that, in the continuity of generations forming a human aggregate, there are some inborn traits which determine its destiny. But there is nothing of that kind. There are cultures, or patterns of thinking and acting which prevail in specified societies at specified periods of their existence, but they are all subject to change.

The author grew up in Japan and later on spent eleven years in the countries of the Far East; from time to time she has visited Europe; so, of course, she is well equipped to compare the cultures of Western Europe and of East Asia (predominantly, China and Japan). Moreover, she has been trained in psychology. But she is absolutely ignorant of the contemporary theory of culture as developed in sociology and cultural anthropology and in the related sciences. She only once mentions Toynbee; she seems not to suspect the existence of the work of Sorokin, or of Northrop's *Meeting of East and West,* where her basic thesis is presented in a much more brilliant and lucid way.

Her contention is that the psychic development of Western man has consisted in the progressive differentiation of his psychic functions, while the East Asian "soul" has ascended in its totality from stage to stage. She does her best to prove this thesis through a sequence of chapters bearing such challenging titles as "Thought without Logic," "Community without Collectivism," "Personality without Individualism," "Antipathy against Technology."

Incidentally, she mentions Chinese Communism, but has nothing important to say about it. She is averse to describing present day Communism as Western. She believes that, despite the Communist onslaught, ancestor worship, the family system and national "universistic" supersition are very much alive in China. She is sure that, encountering an entirely different state of affairs, Chinese Communism will assume a different aspect from the Russian version; paradoxically, she says, it may even happen that the Chinese will learn some elements of individualism.

Like other authors discussing the same pseudo-problem, the author takes great pains in discussing the Russians. The Russians have always had, she says, a strong leaning toward introspection and mysticism; today they are passing through a stage of fanatical Rationalism; but they never will develop a "split" culture as the West has done. They reject the Faustian urge as decisively as do the East Asians. So, the Russians are placed among the Eastern nations; but, according to the author, the Eastern mind has been a decisive obstacle against the conversion to Christianity; Russia has, however, been easily Christianized

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and has remained Christian, despite thirty-five years of persecution and enslavement of religion. So either the Russians are not Eastern, or the contrast between East and West is not so hopeless as assumed by the author.

It is a pity that the author did not write a much less pretentious book. Her East Asian impressions are many and often quite interesting. But they almost disappear behind the scaffold of fruitless theory.

Married Love

WHAT GOD HAS JOINED TOGETHER. By Gustave Thibon. Translated by A. Gordon Smith. Regnery. $2.50.

By JAMES F. KITTLESON

GUSTAVE THIBON is a new name to most American readers. This brilliant French writer has received some publicity as the discoverer of Simone Weil, but A. Gordon Smith's is the first English translation of his own work. In this essay on married love, Mr. Smith has done exceedingly well by the author. Thibon himself has done exceedingly well by his readers in presenting a subject mulled over and mulled over by many another author with immensely less perception and insight into the meaning of human life and the life of the spirit.

In restating the conflict that is man, M. Thibon re-affirms the dualism that exists in human nature. The soul and the body are united to form the human person, and yet seemingly are at odds, tearing the person asunder. M. Thibon delves into the world of the concrete, not the abstract, realistically evaluating the conflict between life (body) and spirit (soul). He sees it as a conflict basic to man, aggravated by original sin, but leading to a triumph by developing the human longing and capacity for fulfillment.

M. Thibon would not have sex understood as detached from spirit. "Whatever the apostles of the primacy of pleasure may say," he writes, "a man cannot be fully sexual without being fully personal, without being a man. Sexuality

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To Occasional Readers

THE first issue of The Commonweal for the New Year called for a print order of 21,200 copies —its all-time circulation peak. That reflects a steady increase in the number of Commonweal readers which began fifteen months ago; since then the magazine's circulation has increased by sixty-two per cent.

As the renewal rate for regular subscriptions continues at its high level of seventy-five per cent and the conversion rate for trial subscriptions has gone up—so that one out of every two becomes a long-term subscription—The Commonweal hopes to forge still further ahead in 1953.

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isolated from the person comes to nothing." He sees the fulfillment of married love as possible only in relation to the divine. He traces the agonizing journey from first love ensnared by passion to the mature love in which passion, under the restraining influence of the spirit, blossoms forth into a complete fulfillment in which spirit dominates but does not crush out life.

Married love is purified by sacrifice, a sacrifice so great that M. Thibon writes: "The married state performs for both (husband and wife) the greatest possible service that a limited one-sided being can receive: salvation from self . . ." And later on he concludes: "Love, then, before it purifies, famishes man, because it lives on desire; but purified, love nourishes, because it lives on giving."

To read Gustave Thibon's book is a thrilling experience; he is at once traditional and iconoclastic. His is the penetrating mind of the discoverer of truth, digging it out as an archeologist does, until he has discovered the very root of the problem of human love. But he has none of the pedantry, none of the archaism that digs for the joy of digging. He is not one who merely stops to examine the pieces with the fanatic eye of the specialist. He is one who puts the whole back together.

Dons' Delight

TO TEACH THE SENATORS WISDOM. By J. C. Masterman. Oxford. $4.50.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE humor of one country is notoriously difficult to translate into that of another, and even the best vintages travel badly. Few Americans can see the point of *Punch;* the *New Yorker* leaves all but a few sophisticated British stolidly unsmiling. It is to be feared that Dr. Masterman's whimsical little offering will prove more baffling than bubbling in its wit to U.S. readers.

At high table where 'dons delight to bark and bite', a somewhat elderly company is alarmed by a letter from Sir John Boomer, an

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honorary Fellow, who has invited three distinguished Americans to visit Oxford under his aegis. He has to visit South Africa on a "mission of some delicacy" and so bequeaths his guests to his colleagues. The latter suppose the former to be Senators, and, 'to teach the Senators wisdom,' the Senior common-room combines to write, or rather, to ruminate, a Guidebook.

The dons are alternately sentimental and erudite. Sometimes they are noble, as in pointing out the memorial to the German Rhodes Scholars (one Prince and two Barons) who were killed strafing their alma mater; sometimes they are artistic, as when they note the light-blue waistcoat of Louis de Visme's portrait in Christ Church Hall; at other times they are coy, as when the three visitors turn out (of course) to be pretty girls, and ask to be shown the women's colleges, and not one of the eight dons knows where any one of the four women's colleges is 'located'; but at all times, they are for domestic consumption only.

How this private-joke package got itself across the Atlantic is astonishing: peppered with foreign words (*sehenswurdigkeit, empressement, esprit de corps, nonplacet, bons-mots, mise-en-scene, dramatis personae*) not to mention lots of little anecdotes whose point is in either French or Latin, it hardly commends itself as an introduction to the greatest of English universities. Pompous and pedantic though it is, the illustrations are quite lovely, and the printing and paper are excellent.

REVIEWERS

Wayne Andrews is a student of Americana; he is the author of *The Vanderbilt Legend* and *Battle for Chicago*.

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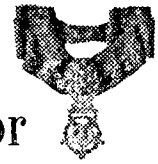
Sgt. 1st Class Einar H. Ingman U. S. Army



Medal of Honor

THE REDS IN AMBUSH on the ridge had lain concealed, withholding their fire. Now they opened up. The two squads were trapped. Their leaders were wounded; others were dropping.

Sgt. Ingman took command. He reorganized the survivors, assigned fields of fire, encouraged the men to fight. A red machine gun opened fire. The sergeant charged it alone, neutralizing it with a grenade.

Then he tackled another gun. A grenade and a burst of fire knocked him down, badly wounded. He got up, reached the gun, and dispatched the entire crew. When his squad reached him, they found Sergeant Ingman unconscious—but 100 of the enemy fleeing in panic.

"Bucking the Communists," says Sergeant Ingman, "takes an awful lot of staying power. The G.I.'s have got it. You have, too, when you invest part of your hard-earned pay *regularly* in Bonds."

Bonds are first of all a cash saving for you. But they're also back of our country's *production power*. Which couples up with G.I. *fire power* to keep the peace for all of us.

"The sergeant charged alone . . ."

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